

*The Man of Destiny's hard Fortune;*

O R,

**Squire Ketch's  
DECLARATION  
CONCERNING**

*His late Confinement in the Kings-Bench  
and Marshalsea.*

Whereby his hopeful Harvest was like to have  
been blasted.

TOGETHER

With his happy deliverance and promising prospect  
of encreasing Trade, to the great joy of himself  
and his magnificent Family.

A N D

Several choice Observations Political and Moral, re-  
lating to the present juncture of his Eminence's  
arduous Affairs.

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With Allowance.

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LONDON, Printed for T. M. 1679.

The Man of Destiny's hard Fortune

OF

Squire Ketch

DECLARATION



His Majesty's Command in His Majesty's

and His Majesty's

Whereby his Majesty's Command was like to have  
been fulfilled.

TOGETHER

With his Majesty's Command and His Majesty's  
of His Majesty's Command in His Majesty's  
and His Majesty's Command.

AND

Several Copies of His Majesty's Political and His Majesty's  
Laying to the Right Honourable of His Majesty's  
Command.

With a Preface

By the Author



THE  
 Man of Destiny's hard  
 FORTUNE;  
 OR,  
 Squire Ketch's  
 DECLARATION.

**A**FTER such a multitude of signal good  
*Services* performed by any redoubted hand,  
 so many *Heroes* vanquished, so many *dis-*  
*treſſed Ladies* put out of their pain, La-  
 bour undertaken beyond the Skill of *Dun*, or cou-  
 rage

rage of *Hercules*, *Monsters* subdued more mischievous than ever *Saint George* fought with: as *Sir John Mandevill* wrote of; after so many *Travels* (barr'd from telling of *Tales*, (no small Obligation to their Friends and Accomplices left behind) to many happy Divorces legally made between the *howling Spoule* and the *poor Husband*, the *well-wish'd Husband* and the *well-pleas'd Spoule*, dissolving a *westminster wedding* with the laudable Ceremony of *white-Gloves*, and a *Hempen Collar* for *Mourning*; after these and a thousand other meritorious Achievements, shall the famous, the well-known, the redoutable, the dreadful *Squire Ketch*, Death's Harbinger, *Pluto's Van-courrier*, Vice-roy of Fate, and sole Monarch of the Triple Throne, now tamely be *Catch-poll'd*, *Nabbd*, *spirited*, *Shoulder-dabb'd*, *Enchanted*, *Lavender'd*, and laid up in *pickle* in one of the Devil's *Pepper-boxes*? Shall I that have made out so many *Habeas-Corpus's* not returnable till *Doomsday*: but so many hundreds to the *Grand Out-lery*, which all the *Justice-spliters* between *Chancery-lane* and Hell are never able to reverse; now truckle to the Jurisdiction of a Rascally sneaking *Man in his Cap*, How durst the *Vallet*, knowing their own merits, attach my venerable person, without dreading *Revenge*, when *Justice* ere long shall submit them to my mercy? *Lies* I not in the power of my Art to cure all Diseases, of which our *Impudent Quacks*, in their dying Bills, only pretend the Remedy? Have not I the undoubted Faculty

Faculty of turning those into very handsome, well-favour'd Gentlemen in pitting-Ladies Eyes, who all their lives were counted most ugly Rogues, before they came into my *Churches*? Nay, is not *Some* beholding to my pains for many of her Saints, who must obtain from me a *Certificate* of their *Admittance*, and get a *passport* from my Office, before the *Pope*, with all his *Infallibility*, will venture to *Canonize* them? And is it not a thousand pities a person of such Quality and Endowments should *wither* in a loathsome hole amongst *Bankrupts* and *Tatterdemalions*, converse with *louzy Pump-suckers*, or be made free of the Worshipful Company of *Pegg-makers*, when there are so many *notable brave Fellows* abroad that *need* and *deserve* his most intimate acquaintance? I shall never forget the *Affronts* put upon me by those saucy Companions in my late *Captivity*, the jeers, the flouts, the thumps, and base usages I received from them: and why all this? because, forsooth, I was the *Hangman*, as if the *Grand Executioner* of Justice, that has done many a Gentleman a *Courtesie*, and hopes in due time to converse with others, were not *Company* good enough for such *Raggamushins*? But that which most of all vext my Guts, was the cause of my being impounded, and the unlucky time of it: The first was that ill-favour'd Crime, *Suspicion of Debt*, which I hate for my part beyond all the seven deadly *Sins*, for most other Offences bring some *Grift* to my Mill, but what shall I get by Folks running into other



other peoples Books? 'tis true your subtile Bankrupts, that crack for thousands, and, like Nine-pins tip down half a dozen honest *depending Tradesmen*, crushing them, their Wives and Children, to the third and fourth Generation, with their fall, are in my simple Opinion as mischievous Vermine, as he that *Mins* a bung, or plays the Man-midwife to a big-bellied Portmanteau on the high Pad; yet still give me the lofty generous Villain, that cries, The more danger the more honour; and will rather fright than wheadle Folks out of their Pence: Were it not for such high mettled Lads, what should poor Jack do for *Cotts*, *Cravats*, and *Perriwigs*: But it was not only Debt, but on a most pitiful score too; had it been for *Nappy Bub*, or flaming *Kill-Devil*, I could have been content to have suffered a short *Martyrdom*; but to be charged with two and twenty Pounds, and odd Farthings, for *Milk*, Oh abominable! The World sure will scandalize me for a *Milk-sop*, and think I fed like an old *Brittain*, on nothing but *Cows-haubby*, drink only Whey like a Swine, or stuff my Guts every day with Fools, White-pot, and Custard.

Then as to the Time, the Critical Time, not a long Vacation, but full Term, an opportunity for business under the most propitious Influences, for people of my profession, that had been known in the memory of Man, to be taken off from ones Employment in such a juncture fretted me so, that I was

was ready to bestow on my self a cast of my Office.

*Alas! How many Crosses and Casualties are we poor Tradesmen lyable to? There have, within this twelve Montbes, above twenty dyed in my Debt, having never a Shirt on: Then a Burghlary was committed upon my Shop, and two of the principal Apartments of that ancient Edifice stoln away. Nay of late, because there began to be some small springlings of a Trade, the Rope-maker began to turn Extortioner, and swore he would raise the price of Halters; and a Ras-cally Popish Priest, that promised me five pound for some Relicks of a late Martyr, is run into Flanders, and left me in the lurch. But thank my Stars, I am got out of Limbo, and thought fit to signifie so much to the world, that all persons of Quality that have occasion to make use of me, may know where to find me: I hope I shall weather all my troubles, there shortly begins a Grand Mart in the Old Bayly, and other Customers are coming on apace; If things sadge right, I doubt not but before*  
Mid-

Midfomer to have twenty Guinies with an  
 Apprentice, and, in a Caleth of my own, wait  
 upon my well-beloved Sons in a Cart or Sledg,  
 when they perform their last Pilgrimage to  
**TYBURN.**

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